

We'd Like A Double Room by CasaByers

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Summary:

An alternate to the scene at the motel.

We'd Like A Double Room

Author's Note:

hope you all like this!!!

The main office of the motel smelled like stale cigarette smoke and those pine tree air fresheners. The woman sat behind a sheet of bullet proof glass, the overhead florescent lights buzzed lightly.

Nancy took initiative and leaned forward, “we’d like a room.” Nancy said, getting the older woman, who behind the desk watching a small tv, attention.

The older women glanced over, “single or double?” she asked.

“double.”

“double.”

Jonathan and Nancy said it at the same time and jumped apart, not realizing they were standing as close as they were, exchanged a look and then looked back at the women.

The women slurped on the straw of her fast food soda, she gave Jonathan a look, almost as if she pitied him. “only have singles.” Was all she said before she picked up a clip board with a pen attached, she shoved it under the slot in the glass, “\$18 for the night.” She added.

Jonathan took the clip board and signed his name, he set it down and pulled out his wallet. Nancy seemed a little stunned and registered too late that he was paying. After the women got the money, she slid the key to them and went back to watching her show.

Nancy grabbed the key and turned to leave, Jonathan followed close behind.

They quietly made their way along the concrete path that wrapped around the one-story motel. There room was room number 10. Nancy shoves the key in and turns the lock. She turns on the lights and the

duo enter the room.

The smell of stale cigarettes hits them, but it's a place to sleep at night. Jonathan shuts the door, locks it.

He looks over at the single queen size bed. Nancy has set her bag on the foot of it.

Neither has spoken and there is this awkwardness in the air.

"um... do you want to get ready for bed first?" Jonathan asks, breaking the quiet. His voice is soft, as always.

Nancy seemed to be snapped out of her own mind. She looks at him, "yeah... no, go ahead, I need to call my mom." She says. Gives him a tiny smile.

Jonathan nods, grabs his bag and makes his way to the bathroom.

Once the door closes, Nancy sighs, she almost wants to laugh, one bed, of course. she makes sure the curtains are drawn and pulls her night gown and toothbrush from her bag. Sitting, she calls her mom.

Jonathan is staring at himself in the mirror, he he's changed into his yellow pajama bottoms and a grey t-shirt. He realizes he will have to make up a sleeping spot on the floor, he winces, it'll be gross, but he'd do it.

He grabs up his folded clothes and jacket and leaves the bathroom.

Nancy is sitting on the bed, her head snaps up from looking at the phone, she gives him a once over.

"it's free." Jonathan says.

Nancy nods, grabs her nightgown and toothbrush and walks past him.

He pulls off the ugly, floral duvet and folds it, grabs one of the pillows and tosses it onto the floor. He walks to the small closet and pulls out an extra scratchy blanket. He sighs, he won't get any sleep tonight.

Nancy is looking at herself in the mirror, she's nervous. She knows that he'll be sleeping on the floor. She doesn't want that.

Exiting the bathroom, she finds him hanging up the phone, he looks a little stressed. "they're not answering?" Nancy asks.

Jonathan looks up, "no... I'm sure it's fine," he rises from the bed and makes his way to the foot. He's ignoring the nagging feeling of his mom and brother not answering and ignoring how adorable Nancy looks in her night gown.

Nancy sees the makeshift bed, she sighs, "just sleep up here with me." Nancy whispers.

Jonathan looks at her confused. "no, it's fine," he shrugs.

"Jonathan, lets go to bed." Nancy pulls back the covers on one side, her side. Jonathan moves slowly, but he pulls back the covers, slides between the cool sheets.

Nancy is sitting there, covers around her waist, he's also in the same position.

They're quiet.

"lights on or off?" Jonathan asks.

Nancy smiles slightly, he smirks and looks a little confused, "sorry, having a little Deja vu." Nancy says softly.

As if it clicks, Jonathan gets it.

She looks at him, glances at his hands that are resting in his lap. "do you still have it?" Nancy asks, and she sets her hand, palm up, between them.

Jonathan arches a brow and places his hand next to hers, he looks at her, their faces are close.

"mines bigger," she says with a grin.

"congratulations," he smiles back.

Nancy's eyes drop to his lips. "where did you go?" she asked suddenly.

Jonathan furrowed his brow, "my mom and brother needed me." he whispered back.

Nancy dropped her gaze, "I waited for you." She confessed.

Jonathan watched her, "for like a month." he sounded annoyed, he was a little bit.

Nancy looked at him, almost angry, but not so much, she suddenly rolled over and pulled the covers over her shoulder. "I want the lights off," she said.

Jonathan sighs, he goes to switch off the light but pauses, he hates feeling upset or knowing he'd made someone upset.

"I've been waiting a year." The confession comes out, he quickly regrets it, "not that... I wasn't sitting and waiting for you to break up with Steve." He says.

Nancy is staring at the wall, she's thinking, "Steve didn't ask you to take me home," it's a statement not a question.

Jonathan shakes his head, "no."

Nancy rolls back over, she's on her back looking up at him. He's sort of stunned at how beautiful she is. He doesn't know what to do.

Nancy seems to realize that Jonathan is just going to keep looking at her, she gently reaches and grabs his shirt, pulls him down.

Their lips crash together, he makes sort of a stunned gasp but melts into her with ease. Sliding down the bed, moving his body to lay beside hers, almost on top, his right arm across her body, hand on her waist.

The kiss is heated and needy, her hands go into his hair, her legs lifts and hooks around his waist, pulling him further on top. A soft gasp leaves her lips when he's pressed against her middle. He's hard, so obvious under his soft pajama bottoms.

Jonathan's lips are on her neck, he's gently humping her. Nancy whimpers, she needs more. Suddenly she gently pushed him up, only a little bit, he's on his side, panting softly, hair mussed, and pupils blown. He looked concerned, as if she would keep pushing him out of the bed.

But Nancy wasn't even thinking it, she started to pull her night gown up, hoping he would get the idea. He seemed stunned as he looked her over, she blushed at how he was looking at her and she gasped when she pulled the night gown over her head and felt his soft lips on her stomach, gently kissing their way up her body.

Nancy tossed the night gown aside and ran her fingers through his hair as he pressed kisses to her tummy. She pulled at his shirt and he ripped it off, moved over her more.

They gasped when their bare upper bodies pressed together, lips connected again, one of Nancy's hands went to his hair, the other around his back. Jonathan wrapped his arms around her body, his hips rocked gently against her middle.

She couldn't stand it, she needed him, needed this. She reached down and started to push her panties down, Jonathan stopped kissing her and lift himself slightly, looked down, his breathing sped up as he watched her push her panties down. He sat back on his knees, pushed his pajama bottoms and boxers down his hips, he carefully fell back over her, nestled between Nancy's thighs.

Jonathan was a little overwhelmed, she was so soft, warm, she smelled so good, she was naked! And under him, and she was moving around in the most delicious manner.

He dropped his face into her neck and pressed a kiss there. she was warm, and he kept skidding against her, she was hot and wet, he couldn't hold back the soft growl that left his throat.

Nancy whimpered, she was ready, she needed him now, "Jonathan, now." she whispered into his ear.

Jonathan kept pressing kisses to her neck, he heard her, his hips reacted as they thrust against her, he grunted as a thought crossed his

mind, “I don’t have a...” he mumbled against her neck.

Nancy sighed, “it’s okay, just pull out.” She breathed into his ear as she reached between them, her hand gripped him gently and guided him into her.

It was all instinct now as Jonathan moved his hips forward, slowly. he moaned, bit his bottom lip as he was engulfed by her warmth, she’s so soft, wet and hot, and so damn tight. It’s incredible. He sees what the fuss is about. He’s just still, taking it in.

Nancy has her eyes squeezed shut, it’s amazing, he fills her. He’s heavy on top of her, warm and safe. He seems to pulsate within her, solid and hot. He isn’t bigger, but it’s perfect. She knows this is new for him, lets him wait and then she wiggles, she needs him.

“you can move.” Nancy pants, and his hips start to slowly piston in and out of her.

Nancy lets out a loud moan, Jonathan has his elbows by her shoulders, holding himself up as his hips do all the work, but it’s not enough, he needs more.

“I need to go faster,” he wants to beg her, he can’t stand this slow pace.

“yes...” Nancy whispers, she was hoping she wouldn’t have to ask him.

He grips her hip with one hand and props himself up on one elbow, his hips start to move faster, he then dips his head and starts to suckle at her nipple.

Nancy’s hand is in his hair, this is what she needs, she’s so close. His hand moves from her hip and his thumb is on her clit, rubbing in a circle.

She comes, keening, whimpering, her hand is tight in his hair. She pulsates around him, holds him hard and deep as her orgasm washes over her.

Jonathan must fight it, she feels so good and is so tight and he’s

about to come, he pulls out, sits up on his knees and grips his dick with his hand, pumps his fist fast, and he comes.

Weak and satisfied, he drops forward, slow enough so he doesn't hurt her, but he wants to press kisses to her, he wants to taste her.

Wrapping her arms and legs around him, coming off her high.

Their lips find each other again and this kiss is slow and sweet, his hands are in her hair and her tongue slides into his mouth.

Jonathan sits on the bed, he's got the tv on, but it's 2am and nothing is on, just the Dick Van Dyke Show, he's been watching it, sort of laughing. He's wearing his pajama bottoms and nothing else, he's got a small grin on his face.

Nancy exits the bathroom, wearing his t-shirt. She looks at him shyly before she climbs into the bed. "hey... sorry about um... making a mess on your um... tummy." Jonathan says it embarrassed.

Nancy blushes, "I kinda liked it." She admitted.

Jonathan looks at her slightly wide eyed, "oh," is all he can say.

Nancy leans over and pecks his lips, she pulls back and he's looking at her in this way that makes her tummy flutter and makes her a little light headed. She presses another kiss to his lips before she settles into the bed.

He shuts off the tv and snuggles close to Nancy. She's on her back, he's on his side, they're sharing a pillow and his arm is around her middle.

Nancy reaches and shuts off the light.

Fin.